2744

The Merry Fairs of Falkirk.

To which are added, 27

The Happy Marriage.

Johnny Bluſter's Wife 11621.c.6

Lay thy loot in mine laſs 27

The Broad Swords of

AULD SCOTLAND.

The Caledonian Laddie.

A Hunting Song.

Stirling, Printed and Sold by M. Randall.

The Merry Fairs of Falkirk.

Where are the poets, are they all dead?
Or is the mule from Falkirk fled.
That nothing of our country's said
The' its so rich and braw.
Six fairs we have into the year,
When lads does at the lasses spier,
My dear will ye go to the fair;
For friends or foes ye need not fear,
To Falkirk let's awa',
For friends, &c.

When to our town they do advance,
Like ladies in fine clothes they glance,
And now and then they take a dance,
With lads that's neat and braw,
And when they are going home at night,
Each merchant strives with all his might,
Whose windows shall shew the best light,
And all their shopes does shine full bright,
To light them all awa'.

Each Thursday is our market day'
When farmers to their servants say,
Make haste, and let us all away
To Falkirk fair and gay,'
Then each side of our street they deck,
With beans and pease full many a sack,

Happy Marriage.

As I was walking one morning so fair,
So green was the fields, and cool was the air,
There did I discover,
Pretty Nancy my lover.
And I for to woo her was pleas'd for to say,

O fairest of creatures that ever was seen,
You're the pride of my heart, the flow'r of the green,
With garlands of roses,
And sweet pretty posies,
What nature composes I'll crown you my queen.

To these words I spoke she answered and said,
O how can you flatter a poor harmless maid,
For your tongue it runs so nimble,
It makes my heart to tremble,
And I fear you disemble my poor heart to break.

Of all my sweethearts I have nine or ten,
Yet never a one I can fancy of them,
But if I should believe you,
And you should deceive me,
And scornfully leave me, oh! where am I then.

These words I speak is by the powers above;

The rocks and [illegible]
And the [illegible]
If from my [illegible]
And there's nothing I desire that [illegible]

If innocent love is all your [illegible]
And you in earnest, I thought you [illegible]
I'll adore you with pleasure,
With kisses out of measure,
With joy, peace & pleasure we both shall be bl[illegible]

This couple they're married, and live very happ[illegible]
Enjoying one another with pleasures so canty,
The rocks they shall melt,
And the mountains shall remove,
Ere ever I prove false to the woman I love.

Johnny Bluster's Wife.

Tune—Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed.

Johnny Bluster dwalt on Tweed,
The place they ca'd it Linadoletony;
Johnny was a joiner gude,
Nane could wield a plain like Johnny.
Lizzie Pelnch was Johnny's wife,
An' filly Matty was her mither;
Sic a wife as Johnny had,
I wadna gi'e a button for her.

Johnny was anes half in love,
His fancy was by beauty haunted;
Heaven shone in Johnny's e'e—
But no the heaven Johnny wanted:

Painch,
the filler,
Painch,
for her.

the moon,
braid as Samſon's;
like the ſign
aboon and Robin Samſon's.
a prin does Johnny care,
zie like the witch of Endor;
Johnny fattens on her gear —
He wadna gi'e a button for her.

Lay thy loof in mine, laſs.

O lay that loof in mine, laſs,
in mine laſs, in mine laſs,
and ſwear on thy white hand, laſs,
that thou wilt be my ain.
A ſlave to love's unbounded ſway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae,
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unleſs thou be mine ain.
O lay thy loof in mine, laſs,
In mine, laſs, in mine laſs, &c.

There's monie a laſs has brake my reſt,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed beſt,
But thou art Queen within my breaſt,
For ever to remain
O lay &c.

Dear lad, gin ye'll be leel and true,
There's nane I like ſae weel as you,

[illegible] there's my [illegible]
For life to [illegible]
Now there's my [illegible]
In thine lad, [illegible]
In hopes you will [illegible]
and tak me for [illegible]

The Broad Swords of OLD SCOTLAND.

WHEN our valiant anceſtors did land in this iſle,
Brave Fergus commanded and victʼry did ſmile,
With their Broad Swords in their hand they wad
cleared the foil!
O the Broad Swords of old Scotland!
And O the Old Scottiſh Broad Swords!

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too
Us, by fraud and by guile did attempt to ſubdue;
But their ſchemes prov'd abortive while we did prove
true,
O the Broad Swords &c

Tho' ſome factious Nables, to ſerve their own end
Did join with the Engliſh, themſelves to befriend,
And we loſt a[illegible] they did loſe in the end,
O the Broad Swords &c

Remember brave WALLACE who boldly did play
BRUCE at Bannockburn, what a glorious day!
The flowers of Old Eng and our heroes did flay.
O the Broad Swords &c.

See Edward their King, take his heels in a fright
Never'er look'd behind but in Berwick alight,

Scotland good night.
O the broad Swords, &c.

Our Spanish foes were valiant and bold,
Ne'er beat nor in battle controul'd,
But now—shall I name it!—Alas! we're all sold.
O the Broad Swords of Old Scotland,
And O the Old Scottish Broad Swords.

The Caledonian Laddie.

Blyth Sandy is a bonny boy,
and always is a wooing,
Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,
although he is so loving.
Last night he preſt me to his breaſt,
and vow'd he'd ask my daddy, O,
O dear to wed me he conſeſs'd,
the Caledonian laddie, O,
Chor. O, my bonny, bonny Highland boy,
my bonny, bonny Highland lad,
My bonny, bonny Highland laddie O,
my Caledonian laddie, O,

The maidens try baith far and near,
to gain young Sandy over,
But all their art I didna fear,
he winna prove a rover.
For ſure he tal' me frank and free,
unknown to dad or mammy, O,
He'll marry me, ah! nane but me,
the Caledonian laddie, O. O my, &c.

The tother day from Dundee fair,
he brought me hame a bannet,

A cap and ribbon [illegible]
but mark what [illegible]
As late at k'rk we [illegible]
in ſpite of mam or dadd[illegible]
He married me, do all I [illegible]
the Caledonian laddie, O.

A Hunting Song.

With early horn, ſalute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With cheerful cries bid echo riſe,
And join the jovial chace,
The vocal hill's around,
The waving woods,
The chryſtal floods,
Return the enliv'ning ſound.

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